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By Mr. *TOWN*,

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—— —— *paulo plus artis Athenæ.* HOR.

To Mr. *TOWN*.

SIR,

THOUGH many hiſtorians have deſcribed the City of *London* (in which we may include *Weſtminſter*) with great accuracy, yet they have not ſet it out in the full light, which at preſent it deſerves. They have not diſtinguiſhed it as an Univerſity. *Paris* is an Univerſity, *Dublin* is an Univerſity, even *Moſcow* is an Univerſity. But *London* has not yet been honoured with that Title. I will allow our Metropolis to have been intended originally, only as a City of Trade, and I will farther own that ſcarce any Sciences, except ſuch as were purely mercantile, were cultivated in it 'till within theſe laſt thirty years; but from

period of time, I may ſay an whole army, as it were, of Arts and Sciences have marched amicably in upon us, and have fixed themſelves as auxiliaries to our Capitol.

THE four greater faculties, I mean Theology, Law, Medicine, and Philoſophy, which are taught in other Univerſities, are in their higheſt perfection here. The proſperity of the firſt may be ſeen by the crouded churches every Sunday, and the diſcipline of the ſecond by the numberleſs young Students who conſtantly dine in their reſpective halls at the ſeveral inns of court. Theſe two faculties have of late received conſiderable improvements, but particularly that of Theology, as is manifeſt from ſeveral new and aſtoniſhing opinions which have been ſtarted among us. There have riſen, within theſe few years, very numerous tribes of Methodiſts, Moravians, Middletonians, Hutchinſonians, &c. in a word our ſects are multiplied to ſuch an infinite degree, that (as *Voltaire* has before obſerved) every Man may now go to heaven his own way. Can the Divinity Schools boaſt ſuch ſound doctrine as the Foundery in *Moorfields?* or were ever fellows of colleges ſuch adepts in Matrimony as the reverend doctors of the *Fleet*, or the primate of *May-Fair?*

THE theory of Medicine may undoubtedly be taught at *Oxford* and *Cambridge* in a tolerable manner, but the art itſelf can only be learnt, where it flouriſhes, at *London*. Do not our daily papers give us a longer liſt of medicines than are contained in any of the Diſpenſatories? And are we not conſtantly told of ſurprizing antidotes, certain cures, and never failing remedies for every complaint, and are not each of theſe ſpecifics equally efficacious in one diſtemper as another, from the grand reſtorative elixir of life down to the infallible corn ſalve? With what pleaſure and admiration have

have I beheld the *Machaon* of our times Dr. *Richard Rock* diſpenſing from his one-horſe-chaiſe his cathartic antivenereal electuary, his itch powder, and his quinteſſence of vipers! It may be aſked, is he a graduate? Is he a regular phyſician? no, he is ſuperior to regularity. He deſpiſes the formality of academical degrees. He ſtiles himſelf M. L. He is a London Phyſician, or as *Moliere* would expreſs it, *C'eſt un Medecin de Londres.*

AFTER Medicine let us conſider Logic. How is that moſt uſeful art taught in the two Univerſities? Is it not clogged with ſuch barbarous terms, as tend to puzzle and confound, rather than enlighten or direct the underſtanding? Is it not taught in a dead, I had almoſt ſaid in a popiſh Tongue? Is it not overrun with dry diſtinctions, and uſeleſs ſubtleties? Where then is it to be learnt in all the purity of reaſon, and the dignity of language? Neither at *Oxford* nor at *Cambridge*, but at the Robin Hood Alehouſe in Butcher Row, near Temple Bar.

FROM Logic let us proceed to Eloquence: And let us ingenuouſly confeſs that neither of our Univerſities can boaſt an orator equal to the renown'd *Henley*. Has he not all the qualifications required by *Tully* in a complete Orator? Has he not been followed by the greateſt men of the nation? Yet has this modeſt divine never derived any title to himſelf from his own rhetoric, except ſuch an one as his extraordinary elocution naturally beſtowed upon him. Might he not have called himſelf *Preſident* of the Butchers? *Dean* of Marrowbones and Cleavers? or *Warden* of *Clare Market?* certainly he might. Therefore if it were for his ſake only, in my humble opinion, London ought immediately to aſſume the title of an Univerſity; and the Butchers of Clare Market, who have ſo conſtantly attended Mr. *Henley*'s Lectures, ought to be preſented with honorary degrees.

I KNOW

I KNOW not what pretenſions the Univerſities may have had originally to adopt *Muſic* among the reſt of their Sciences: perhaps they have aſſumed a right of beſtowing Degrees in *Muſic*, from their being called the ſeats of the Muſes; as it is well known that *Apollo* was a fidler as well as a poet and phyſician; and the Muſes are ſaid to have delighted in fidling and piping. The young ſtudents, I am told, of either Univerſity are more ambitious to excel in this ſcience than any other, and ſpend moſt of their time in the ſtudy of the *Gamut:* but their knowledge in *Harmonics* is ſeldom carried farther than *I love Sue*, or *Ally Croker*. In this point *London* has undoubtedly a better title to be called an Univerſity. Did *Oxford* or *Cambridge* ever produce an Opera, though they have the advantage of languages ſo very little known as the *Greek* and even *Hebrew* to compoſe in? Had ever any of their profeſſors the leaſt idea of a Burletta? or are any of their moſt ſublime anthems half ſo raviſhing as *Foote's Minuet* from the hand-organ of the little *Savoyard Dutcheſs?* Are thoſe claſſical inſtruments the *Doric Lute*, the *Syrinx*, or the *Fiſtula*, to be compared to the melody of the *Wooden Spoons*, the *Jews Harp* and *Salt-Box* at Mrs. *Midnight*'s?

BUT there is no doctrines more forcibly inculcated among us than thoſe of *Ethics*, or moral Philoſophy. What are the precepts of *Plato*, *Epictetus*, or *Tully* in compariſon to the moral leſſons delivered by our periodical writers? And are not you, Mr. TOWN, a wiſer man than *Socrates?* But the age is more particularly indebted, for it's preſent univerſal purity of manners, to thoſe excellent rules for the conduct of life contained in our modern novels. From theſe moral works might be compiled an entire new ſyſtem of Ethics, far ſuperior to the exploded notions of muſty *Academics*, and adapted to the practiſe of the preſent times.

Cato,

Cato, we are told, commended a young man whom he ſaw coming out of the public ſtews, becauſe he imagined it might preſerve him from the crime of adultery; and the *Spartans* uſed to make their ſlaves drunk in the preſence of their youth, that they might be deterred from the like debaucheries. For the ſame reaſons we may ſuppoſe that our taverns and bagnios are ſo much frequented by our young people, and in this light we may fairly conſider them as ſo many *ſchools of Moral Philoſophy*.

If we are willing to turn our thoughts towards Experimental Philoſophy, can the ſeveral Univerſities of the whole world produce ſuch a variety of inſtruments, ſo judiciouſly collected, for aſtronomical, geographical, and all other ſcientific obſervations, as are to be ſeen in the two amazing repoſitories of Mr. Profeſſor *Deard* in the *Strand*, and of Mr. Profeſſor Ruſſel at *Charing Croſs*? It were endleſs to enumerate particulars; but I cannot help taking notice of thoſe elegant little portable teleſcopes, that are made uſe of in all public places; by which it is evident that even our fine ladies and gentlemen are become proficients in *Optics*.

The Univerſities ſeem to pride themſelves greatly on their choice collections of curious and invaluable trifles, which are there preſerved, only becauſe they were not thought worth preſerving any where elſe. But is the *Aſhmolean* collection of rarities comparable to the nicknackatory of Mr. *Pinchbeck*? or are any of their Muſæums ſtored with ſuch precious curioſities, as are frequently ſeen in Mr. *Langford*'s Auction-Room? Strangers, who think it worth while to go ſo far as *Oxford* or *Cambridge* to ſee ſights, may ſurely meet with as much ſatisfaction at *London*. Are the two little Pigmies ſtriking a clock at *Carfax* within

any degree of compariſon with the two noble Giants at St. *Dunſtan's* church in *Fleet Street*; to ſay nothing of their enormous brethren at *Guildhall?* Are any of the College Halls in either of the Univerſities ſo magnificent as thoſe belonging to our worſhipful companies? or can the Theatre at *Oxford*, or the Senate-houſe at *Cambridge*, vie with that ſtupendous piece of architecture the Manſion Houſe, ſet apart for our Chancellor the Lord Mayor? It may be alledged perhaps that theſe are trifling examples of ſuperiority, which the younger ſiſter bears over her two elder; but at the ſame time it cannot be denied, that ſhe excells them both even in the minutiæ of learning and antiquity.

I MUST confeſs that Hydraulics, or the motion of Fluids, ſeem to be taught exactly in the ſame manner, and with the ſame degree of knowledge, in *London* as in *Oxford* or *Cambridge*. The glaſs Tubes, and the Syphons, are formed very much in the ſame ſhape and faſhion. The great hydroſtatical law, "That all fluids gravitate in *proprio loco*," is proved by the ſame kind of experiments. The ſeveral ſtudents, of whatever age or ſtation, vie with each other in an unwearied application, and a conſtant attendance to this branch of mixed Mathematics. The Profeſſors in each of the three Univerſities, are confeſſedly very great men: but I hope I may be forgiven if I wiſh to ſee my friend Mr. *Ryan*, Preſident of the *King's Arms* in *Pall Mall*, unanimouſly declared Vice Chancellor of the Univerſity of *London*.

I am, Sir,

Your humble ſervant,

G. K.

Printed for R. BALDWIN, at the *Roſe* in *Pater-noſter Row*; where Letters to the CONNOISSEUR are received.